Title

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Chapter 1

Passage of Affirmation Chapter One

The moment I opened the door I new something was amiss, the look on his face told the story. His body langue sent a sickening shiver through my bones and the last thing I wanted was for him to speak. But he did. I tried to focus on anything else but I couldn't tare my eyes from the sound of his voice. The sickening feeling worsened as I watched the words spill from his lips and my worst fears were realized. My whole body went limp while my heart jumped from my chest in one last leap for freedom; it was shot down crashing to the floor to demise. The only thing I could think when the tears began to fall was

don’t let him see you cry, throwing my hands over my face I slammed the door.

Collapsing in a mess on the floor; I was a heap of debris, unwanted and undesirable scrap. He who had given me life tore it from my soul and in a fit of fury demolished my entire being with a few trouble-free words. How could something so faultless alter and shatter me so, why would someone I adore want to wound me this way? What can I do now, this ache wont heel and those words I won’t forget. And for the first time in a very long time I’m alone in the world, with my thoughts, and my broken spirit. Slowly the love is gone, overtaken by the strongest sensation of hatred I’ve ever myself none. Curling up into a mound on the tile I stay and cry my self into tomorrow.

Chapter 2

Passage of Affirmation Chapter Two

The morning comes and the tears do not impede, I still have the hatred burning inside of me. I've heard that time heals all wounds, I pray this to be true for I know of nothing else that may mend this tenderness, the gap in my heart. From dawn till dusk I lay in the small corner of my room (which has now become my refuge), thinking of what to do now. I've lived my life for someone else for so long that I'm unsure of what I want; what I need to be content again.

For days the phone goes unanswered, messages pile up and for the first time in my life I do not care. People try to tell you things happen for a reason; I pray now more than ever for this to be true. I'll take

anything that will give me the strength to pick myself up out of this emotional rut. I barley know what I feel and once again nothing is certain, and I'm scared.

I dream for three nights of him and the way he smelled, the things he said, the way he touched me that sent shivers down my spine. In these dreams I'm happy once again; when I awake and realize I'll never have that again this is when the tears come.

Finally I've had enough and can dream no more. The first pot of coffee was the longest, and after that I began to sneak in drops of whiskey. This helped them to go down smoother and soothed the pain away, but like what is to be expected the drops grew and sometimes coffee wasn't needed at all. I went through the liquor cabinet like a child threw a candy store, right down to the very last bottle of something blue, the label had been tore off, it could have been mouth wash of all I new. Once it was empty and I thought I'd slept off most of the drunk I decided it was about time to do something with myself. Unsure of what exactly that was I dressed and walked out

the door, realizing what I had just done I decided that I must still be drunk. For the hurt was gone, the hatred was now just a smoulder, and life again could carry on. I walked down the streets for hours that night alone but I was for the first time in a long while not afraid.

Chapter 3

Passage of Affirmation Chapter Three

I awoke the next morning to feel the contents of my stomach plunge up my throat, the heaves wrench my sides and I can't see threw the tears in my eyes. Grasping to the edge of a near by garbage can I lower my head slowly and fall back asleep, for what seemed to be less than a few seconds I lay on the floor of my tiny apartment. My mind coasts to thoughts of him once more; the demon, the desolate beast that broke my heart and took everything good away from me, again the tears come. I feel the first roll down my face know matter how firmly I hold it back. That's it I will flounder in my sorrow no longer, seizing my guts I stumble toward the shower.

As the water trickles over my body a feeling comes over my once more, again my stomach empties this time on the shower floor. The sight and the smell brings me to me knees as I ring out every last drop from my stomach. Its a few good minutes before I have the strength to pull myself up on the shower door, using it in one hand to support myself and using the other to wash takes far more time than necessary. The day is nearly over by the time I step out my front door, there's a cool wind that sooths as it touched my face and street lights begin to flicker. In the pit of my stomach I can still feel something very unpleasant when I begin to walk it worsens, but I push to press on. Uncertain of were I am going I make no hasten, slowly I amble down ally ways, through parks, and along quiet streets until it occurred to me how much danger I'd put myself in.

"You stupid girl!" I whispered to myself.

Walking through the city at night all alone, this realization put me in an peculiar position. There is nothing open at this time of night but the bars and that's impractical in my condition, although my

father had always told me the best cure for a hangover is hair of the dog that bite you. My mind was made up.

As I stepped into the low lit room the smell of alcohol and vomit fills my nostrils and once again I'm nauseous. Realizing that there's nothing in me to through up I carry on. Walking to a table in the corner and sitting down half a dozen heads turn, I pretend not to notice and order a beer. The walls of the bar were covered in what looked to be old newspaper clippings, and more than half of the light bulbs were burnt out. I could tell at that moment that this place wasn't much short of a dump. Convincing myself that I was safer staying put than venturing back out on to the streets I stay put in my seat. A waitress with long red hair walked over to me carrying a beer, her short skirt revealed a black leopard tattooed on her thy and her low cut red shirt left little to the imagination.

"What's a lady like you doing in here?" She asked with a surprised expression on her face. "If ya

haven't noticed this place really ain't for ladies like yerself."

"I've noticed," I answered trying to force a friendly smile.

"Are you here by yerself hun?" she asked placing a beer on the table in front of me.

I nodded my head.

"Ya shouldn't be; the guys in here are pigs," she said lowering her voice and shielding her mouth with her hand. "Good tips though," she chuckled, "But don't let me spoil yer fun, if ya need another just holler."

With that she walked across the room to another table filled with middle aged men who all looked like they'd had a few to many. As she neared a short, chubby, bold man stumbled to his feet. "Hiya sweet cheeks I'll have another," he managed to get out as her tried to catch his balance.

"We'll all have another," a more sober man shouted over his drunken friends mumbling. The chubby man sat back down at the table after a few failed attempts and threw his dark blue wind breaker onto

the floor. The red haired waitress didn't look amused as she bent over to pick it up.

"Sssorry aboud at sweecheeks," the chubby intoxicated man said as he leaned in for a closer look.

"It's a good thing you're a good tipper Gorgy or ya'd been out on yer ass long ago."

The waitress forced a smile back then collected the bills from the table and walked back behind the bar. She stood a while and counted the cash in her hand, pocketing some and then placing some in an old cash register on the counter.

I sat quietly in my seat about 5 feet from the side of the bar. Sipping slowly on my beer I relaxed my body and felt my stomach begin to fill and repair itself. By the time I realized I was staring, it was too late the red haired waitress had already noticed she finished pouring the glass of beer in her hand, placed it on her tray and strutted back to the table with the chubby drunk man and his group of friends. She carefully placed their beers on the table and spun around fixing her eyes on me.

“Need another hun?” she said smiling as she approached me. I could hear slightly over the drunken hysterics and country music her stiletto heels clicking on the floor.

“Uhm…why not.”

“Are you alright hun?”

“Uh ya, ya I’m fine,” I answered a little stunned. “Sorry I’m just a little out of it is all.”

"Okay then," she said smiling as she reached for my empty beer bottle.

She returned with a second beer and in placing it on the table she woke me from a trance.

"There ya go hun, anything else I can getcha?" she asked leaning over the table and placing my beer down.

"No that's okay how much do I owe you?" I replied.

"Oh I almost forgot that guy over there," I followed her slender out stretched finger across the room to a man seated alone in the corner. "Ya see um, in the corner?"

"Yes," I answered unsure of what was going on.

"He says it's on him," she smiled again and leaned down again lowering her voice. "Kinda cute, don't cha think?"

I looked over again at the man in the corner, he wore a gray T-shirt and dark blue jeans. His white sneakers were scuffed in numerous places, but his genital smile was what really caught my eye. The low lit room prevented me from getting a good look at his face but from what I saw he didn't look too bad. "Yes, he looks friendly I suppose."

"Hun friendly ain't why he bought ya yer drinks, men," she huffed. "There all the same."

As she walked her way back across the room I swore I heard her cursing “pigs” under her breath.

Chapter 4

Passage of Affirmation Chapter Four

Looking back up at the stranger in blue jeans across the room I noticed that he had yet to take his eyes away from me. As he noticed my glance his smile grew, shocked at the fact he had caught me staring I turned my head quickly to the floor in front of me. “Oh no” I thought to myself as I concentrated on the dirty wood floor, “he saw me looking at him”, no not just looking staring, how embarrassing.

"Hello," a deep voice with a slight accent I could not place broke my concentration. "My name is Tayten," the voice grew louder as I raised my glace from the floor into his eyes; an emerald green ocean in which I was lost for several minutes.

"I'm sorry I've startled you," his voice ripped me back into consciousness, as I became more aware of what exactly had just happened his smile began to fade and he turned slightly.

"I'm sorry," I blurted out quite loudly. "I am so embarrassed, forgive me." There was a long pause, and just as I thought he was about to run to the other side of the room from this crazy women who he had gone out of his way to be nice to wouldn't even speak to him, he stopped.

"No need to apologize," he said with a smile. I truly had no intentions when leaving my apartment earlier that evening, of conversing with a complete stranger at a scummy bar. And truth be told, at that moment I felt less like speaking to anyone then I felt the need to plunge a pair of scissors deep into my eye.

“Do you mind if I sit down,” he said already pulling out the chair across from me, as though my answer didn’t much matter and he intended to sit anyway.

“No I guess not,” I replied as he settled himself in the chair while smiling at me. Among the numerous

thoughts flying threw my head at the moment; the arrogance of this man assuming I'd like him to sit, the way I'd momentarily been lost in his beautiful eyes, came a thought that pardoned the rest. Perhaps right now, at this moment I need not be alone as I had been these past few days. Perhaps tonight I sit and talk to this stranger and forget the unfortunate events that led me here tonight.

"And may I ask your name?" the sound of his voice again broke my concentration. After hearing him speak again, I guessed his accent to be Spanish.

"Maria," I shot back becoming aware that I needed to make conversation. "And I'm sorry, you are?"

"My name is Tayten," he paused. "Are you okay?" With a look of concern he placed his hand on the back of the wooden chair he sat on and inched close to the edge as though about to stand.

"Yes I'm fine," I answered. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I told you my name only a moment ago," his look of concern turned to confusion and he froze awaiting my response.

“I apologize,” I responded quickly. “I’m absolutely horrible with names; I may ask you again in a moment.”

He laughed and eased back in his chair, taking a drink from his glass. I then recalled what the red haired waitress had said about him; I examined him for a moment and decided she wasn’t far off. He was some what attractive, straight dark hair messed atop his head, dark bronzed skin that further lead me to believe he was Spanish, a square jaw and supple lips that danced as he spoke.

“What brings you here?” Again he broke the silence.

“Uh, honestly it’s a long story, how about you?” I tried to change the subject.

“I was supposed to meet an old friend for drink, as luck would have it he called moments before you walked in to tell me he wouldn’t be making it,” his smile grew wider as he spoke. “And your story I’d love to hear it,” He said leaning forward and placing his arms on the table in front of him folding his hands. “I have all night now that my plans have been cancelled.”

The more he spoke the more on edge I became, something in his voice, in his smile that I now found arrogant made me second guess everything he said. I also questioned what he meant by “as luck would have it” was he referring to me as the lucky one, did he see me as lucky for having the opportunity to sit across from him. Or perhaps he was luck for the chance to meet me. Whatever he meant by that statement I decided to stay alert in his presence and hoped he referred to the latter.

“So Maria, tell me this story of yours,” he said inquisitively. “I’ve told you mine.”

“There’s really nothing to tell,” I said smiling back at him.

“Oh but there must be something otherwise you would not have mentioned it,” he said waving his hand in the air to catch the attention of the red haired waitress as she strutted by. “Another round pleases Miss,” he said politely.

“Sure thing doll; and call me Pamela,” she nodded and walked back to the bar her heels clicking on the floor with each step.

“I am a very good listener,” Tayten insisted as he turned back to me.

“Its all very personal and I’d rather not involve innocent bystander in my train wreck of a life,” I replied; looking I’m sure, more than a bit uncomfortable.

“Fine, fine as you wish,” he waved his hand in between our faces as if to clear the air. “Then you must tell me something about yourself, where are you from? What do you do?”

“All of those very good suggestions, but each ties into the train wreck,” I said laughing it off as if none of this bothered me.

He stared into my eyes for a few moments with out so much as a smirk, putting me more on edge than I was before. Than suddenly he broke out in a smile and said, “Would you like a shot as well?”

I didn’t answer right away, and after a short pause I leaned back in my chair and crossed my legs, “Are you attempting to liquor me up in hopes that I’ll sleep with you?” I had hoped to get a rise out of him

at the very least. But without hesitation he chuckled and said, “Not at all; I’m attempting to liquor you up to hear this fabulous story you’re keeping from me.”

His body language and tone of voice finally set my mind at ease as Pamela returned placing another beer in front of me and a tall glass of clear liquid in front of Tayten.

“Mss. Pamela, pardon me, when you find the time would you mind pouring a shot of your best liquor for Maria and I,” Tayten asked looking her directly in the eyes.

A crooked smile tore across Pamela’s face as she nodded and walked away.

“Wait,” I called to her. “Tequila?” I said looking at Tayten.

“Tequila it is,” he said with his bright eyes glowing in the low lit room. “You are a tough nut to crack Maria. Full of surprises and as beautiful as...”

“There need be no cracking here tonight,” I cut him off. I did not want him to finish that sentence. “And

why when I just begin to let my guard down do you try something like that?”

He blushed as he hung his head and watched his hand fondle a pack of matches from the table. “You are quick Maria, but you should learn to take a compliment,” he said lifting his head and looking me in the eyes. I smiled back at him this time genuinely.

“I apologize,” I said feeling bad for cutting him off.

“No apology is needed,” he said still looking into my eyes. “Your swiftness shows you are an intelligent women, you need not apologize so much. Mean what you say Maria, you have apologized to me far to may times already tonight.”

“I do mean what I say,” I shot back offended, without thinking about what he said.

“Then don’t apologize for it,” the calmness of his voice when he spoke calmed me.

“Here we are,” Pamela ended our conversation as she set the shot glasses on the table, placing a small bowl of limes in the center. “Drink um up,” she said. She opened her mouth to add to it but before she

could I was licking the salt from my hand and the shot was gone. Tayten quickly followed as not to be out done.

“Two more please Pamela,” he said pulling the lime from his month with a sour look on his face.

I giggled at him as I reached into my pocket pulling out a twenty dollar bill and slapping it on the table. “This ones on me,” I said reaching for my beer and taking a sip.

Tayten reached across the table and pushed the bill towards me, “Your monies no good here,” he said and then looked up at Pamela. “Please just add it to my tab.”

About the Author

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